Lh 8,349.5

HORACE

OF THE

ART of POETRY,

IN

ENGLISH NUMBERS,

WITH

An ATTEMPT to explain the more Difficult and Material PASSAGES in a Few NOTES.

Where things appear unnatural and hard,
Conſult your Author with himſelf compar'd.
ROSCOMON.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCCXXXV.

Lh 8.849.5

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Nov. 9, 1908.

BOUND DEC 30 1910

PREFACE.

SHOULD any Perſon not ſufficient Maſter of the Tongue to read this Piece in the Original, ask me "What "Books I thought would "beſt aſſiſt him for the Underſtanding "of It, if I thought on any other, I moſt certainly ſhould recommend my Lord *Roſcomon*'s Verſion; mean while, All, I preſume, who ſhould conſult my Lord as an Interpreter, could wiſh He had accompanied his Author thro'out, giving us all along his Senſe and Meaning in a manner as exact and full, as he has done all He has given in a Style moſt eaſy, clear, and elegant; at leaſt it muſt be own'd, it's hard to keep Them both continually in our view; for, if they

ſometimes meet, They are often wide of one another; and if the Author is ſometimes obſcure, at others his Interpreter entirely diſappears.

Conſidering this Inconvenience, a more exact Tranſlation, notwithſtanding the Fidelity of the Interpreter, might I thought be not unacceptable, provided this Epiſtle by ſuch a Tranſlation, without the foreign aids of Art, of Fancy, or Invention, might be made appear ſufficiciently plain and regular.

But here the quaint Interpreter, it's likely, may be told, He had done well to have conſidered thoſe Lines of *Tully* in his Treatiſe *de opt. gen. Orat. Nec converti ut Interpres* &c. and ſtrange no doubt it will be thought, how poſſibly he could forget that Caution of his Author's in this very Book,

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus Interpres.

Were the Interpreter, as ſuch, in any Senſe a Poet, he had certainly obſerv'd his

his Author's Caution as religiouſly as Interpreters have uſually done; Fidelity he had avoided as a crime; but in his preſent low Capacity of a Tranſlator, he pretends to no ſuch Liberty as that of treating his Author at diſcretion; but might he claim that Privilege, yet far from grounding it upon thoſe Words of *Horace*, he owns he does not apprehend that they at all concern him; for the Caution, as he takes it, is directed not to the Interpreter, not to one who profeſſes only to tranſlate, but to the Poet in due form, one who deſigns a true original Performance; it is well known however that our Author in this Caution has almoſt conſtantly been taken to declare himſelf an Enemy to literal Tranſlation, particularly by Tranſlators; who if they underſtood it better, might be not unwilling poſſibly to favour a Miſtake which ſo much favours them; it makes their Buſineſs eaſier. Mean while the intention of our Author in that Paſſage plainly ſeems no other than to ſhew the Poet a more practicable eaſy way of Compoſition

Compoſition than that of mere Invention, or of compoſing Characters and *Actions* altogether new; Subjects already known and common He had told him might be made original and new; they would commence his own,

Publica Materies privati juris erit---

If in his manner of treating them he did not ſtrictly follow any preceding Poet or Hiſtorian; if he only copied what was excellent in them,

Si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem.

And, whatever he might copy from them, did not make it his Buſineſs to render word for word after the manner of a faithful ſtrict Interpreter,

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus Interpres.

See Dr. *Bentley* on this Place.

As

As for the Paſſage brought from *Tully*, *Tully* in that very Paſſage, in the Words already cited, plainly enough declares that in the Pieces he there ſpeaks of He was *no* Interpreter, *Nec converti ut interpres.* So that his manner of Performance in thoſe inſtances is no Example in the Caſe.

But leſt by talking of Fidelity after this formal manner, I ſhould diſappoint or prejudice any, whether Friends or Enemies to literal Tranſlation, I muſt and can ſay honeſtly, I have ſo little here to boaſt of, that I apprehend myſelf in greater danger of the heavieſt cenſure from the former for my want of It, than of offending in the leaſt the latter by appearing ſcrupulous or over-tender in the Matter.

And in reality, if there appears in this Tranſlation any want of Method or Connection, I impute it not to any real want of it in the Original, but to my not tranſlating it with more Fidelity; for the Original, I own, I cannot read without concluding, that there needs no more

more than a fair natural Conſtruction to prove it an intelligible regular Epiſtle: and my Notion is, had it been more methodical, I mean, had our Author made more ſhow of method, He had certainly appear'd to all of Genius and Taſte in the Epiſtolary manner, leſs Poetical, leſs Gentlemanlike, nor at all more eaſy and intelligible to the diligent and able Reader. If by good chance this Copy of it, tho' the Gentleman and Poet in it diſappear, incline the Reader to entertain ſo favorable an opinion of this Book, I ſhall have gain'd my Point; all I intended being to remove a prejudice of ſingular good Uſe, 'tis true, to recommend the Labours of Tranſlators, Commentators, Criticks, &c. on this Piece, but no way advantageous, I imagine, either to the Author or the Reader, whilſt It is made to paſs with him as nothing better than an incoherent random Eſſay.

HORACE's

Err. p. 61. *l.* 19. *for* are, *read* is.

HORACE's
ART of POETRY.

SIR,

IF a Painter ſhould the Fancy take
Of various Shapes a ſingle Piece to make;
For a beginning draw a Human Head
Upon a Horſe's Neck; with this proceed
Numerous Limbs of Creatures to unite,
Creatures the moſt unlike and oppoſite;
So with a Fiſh's noiſom Tail diſgrace
A fine, a beautiful fine Woman's Face;

Could you refrain from Laughter at the Sight?
Truſt me that Book would much reſemble It,
That, nothing better than a Sick Man's Dreams,
With a Variety of Whimſies teems,
Without a Meaning in It; ſo that We
Nor Head nor Tail upon the whole could ſee.

Painters and Poets both had Leave of old
Any Attempts to make however bold.

True ſo; We mutually claim the ſame;
But not to join wild Creatures with the tame;
Not tender Lambs make after Tygers take;
Or a ſoft Dove engender with a Snake.

Few with a grave and ſolemn Air begin,
Profeſſing ſome important grand Deſign,

But

But after all this mighty Pomp and Show,
They next tack on a Scarlet Patch or two;
Whilſt They a ſprightly Glare abroad to ſpread,
Unſeaſonably here the flowry Mead
With Chryſtal Streams deſcribe; the rapid *Rhine*,
Diana's Grove and Temple too ſhall ſhine;
Or, a more gaudy Luſtre to diffuſe,
They here to paint the Rainbow rather chuſe:
Improper as They are, allow Them fine;
Allow you could the Cypreſs too *deſign*;
Were you the while to repreſent a Wreck,
How miſerably would you be to ſeek?
How the deſpairing Mariners Diſtreſs
Would you in ſuch a Circumſtance expreſs?
So loftily Beginning, why deſcend,
Proving ſo deſpicable in the End?
In ſhort, the Thing, whate'er you undertake,
Intirely Uniform and Single make.

Moſt Poets, *Piſo, Numa*'s worthy Heir,
Deluded by the fair Appearance are
Of ſome peculiar Beauty; fain would I
Be ſhort, ſo fall into Obſcurity;
If ſome are Smooth, They fail of Energy;
One who would Grand be, ſwells t'a Tympany;
Another leſs advent'rous, ſafe to keep,
Fearing a Storm along the Shore ſhall creep;
With vaſt Variety his Piece to grace,
Boars One in Waves, in Woods ſhall Dolphins [place:
Caution, un-accompanied with Skill,
Serves but to make one exquiſitely ill.

By the *Æmilian* Square we meet with one
Shall draw the Hair inferior to none;
Incomparably well too graves the Nails;
But in the Main unfortunately fails,

A very

A very Bungler proves; for draw, who can,
The *Whole*, Himſelf is not that Artiſan!
Soon as prove ſuch another in a Piece
Of mine, would I, with jet-black Hair and Eyes,
With an untoward Noſe in Company
Live to appear that Curioſity.
Writers ſhould meditate awhile, and know
What they are equal, what unequal to;
Leſt they impoſe upon themſelves a task,
As, baffling theirs, ſuperior skill ſhall ask:
His Theme with Eloquence ſhall he diſplay;
All he diſplays in ſhining Order lay,
Who a right Choice, Things duly weighing, makes,
Proving a Maſter of the Theme he takes.

The Way, I take it, to give Order Force,
And Grace, is ſome, not All Things, in their courſe,

Not

Not All now, now occurring, to recite,
But for a-while the greater Part omit.

If you a Poem undertake to write,
Be your Words choſen; many muſt you ſlight;
Nor choſen only; Be they Few; the Few
With Care diſpoſe; no ſmall Applauſe were due;
If with that Artifice your Words you join,
As a known common Word anew to coin.

If peradventure Matters to expound
Yet new, new Signs are neceſſary found,
One Words ſhall feign here, it ſhall happen ſo,
Such as our Anceſtors were Strangers to;
Nor ſhall we ſuch a Liberty refuſe
So you the Licence moderately uſe;
And if they from a Greek Original
With but a ſlender Variation fall,

Words

Words late or new Invented in the kind
Perfect Authority ſhall with us find.
Why ſhould not *Virgil*, why not *Varius* have
The Leave, All *Plautus*, All *Cæcilius* gave?
Why envies any me, If I ſome few
Capable of ſupplying am anew.
When *Ennius* and *Cato* heretofore
Enrich'd our Mother-tongue with ample ſtore?
Men Leave had, ever will have, words to feign,
Bearing a Stamp, the ſame with ſuch as reign:
As Leaves perpetually fade away,
Others as conſtantly themſelves diſplay,
Thus periſhes the former Race of Words;
Every Age another Race affords,
That Youth-like vigorous and florid reign:
To Fate muſt we, and ours alike reſign;
The *Lucrine* Mole, that royal Work, may yet
Withſtand the raging North, and ſcreen our Fleet;

Taught

Taught too a better courſe by *Cæſar's* care [ſpare;
The ſwelling Streams the Plowman's hope may
The *Pontin* Lake, a barren Space before,
Feeling the heavy Plow, inſtead of Oar,
The neighb'ring Cities may a-while ſuſtain,
Flouriſhing yet a chearful fruitful Plain;
Vaſt Works; If Human Works yet All decay,
What wonder Words ſhould fail and fade away?
Many now celebrated ſhall expire;
Many, long ſince forgot, if Uſe require,
(Uſe the ſole Law, and Teſt of Speech,) take place,
Recovering their former Force and Grace.

Kings, Generals, their Deeds, and fatal Wars,
Homer has ſhown apt Numbers to rehearſe.

Elegy, firſt peculiar to Diſtreſs,
Now Vows too ſings attended with ſucceſs;

But

But undecided by the Learned It
As yet remains, who firſt theſe Numbers writ.

Iambiques to *Archilochus*'s Rage
We owe, a Verſe peculiar to the Stage,
As well in Tragic, as in Comic Scenes;
For as this Foot in Converſation reigns,
And quells the Noiſes of the Populace,
So none in Action challenges that place.

Gods, Godlike Heroes, Games, and Victories,
The foremoſt Steed, the Man that gains the Prize,
The Joys of Wine, the Lover's pleaſing pain,
Themes are peculiar to the Lyric Strain.
If I in *Works* not comprehend each kind,
No Difference no Variation mind,
Nor Colours lay, the Colours each that ſute,
Why as a Poet do you me ſalute?

And why that wretched Shame indulge I ſo,
Rather than learn, reſolving not to know?

Abhorrent of the ſolemn Tragic Mien
Are Subjects of a free familiar Vein;
Nor deigns *Thyeſtes* in low Comic Verſe
His horrid Entertainment to rehearſe;
All Subjects their reſpective ranks muſt hold,
And in a Style becoming 'em be told:
Comedians ſometimes raiſe their Voices yet,
Thus in ſwoln Words does angry *Chremes* threat;
As often in a ſimple humble Strain
Tragedians hear We in Diſtreſs complain;
Peleus or *Telephus* Bombaſt and Flights,
Whilſt in a State of Need and Exile, quits,
Or his Complaint of ſmall effect would prove,
Ne'er would the Heart of his Spectator move.

'Tis

'Tis not enough, All elegantly wrought
Appear; a Spirit muſt there reign throughout,
As ſhall command your Audience, charm the [Heart,
And any Paſſion, you will, impart.

As we with others laugh, ſo weep we too;
But e'er I weep, yourſelf the way muſt ſhew,
You firſt muſt grieve; then, *Peleus*, I confeſs
Your ſore Misfortunes, ſharing your Diſtreſs;
If foreign to your Caſe your Language prove,
Aſleep you lull me, or my laughter move.
Whether the Perſon you preſent appear
Mournful, or Angry, Wanton, or Severe,
His Style a Turn agreeable muſt have,
Muſt ſeem to moan, or threat, be gay, or grave;
For Nature firſt the mind prepares to all
The various Incidents that Life befall;
Now Joy ſhe, now Reſentment ſhall excite,
Now with oppreſſive Sorrow torture it;

By her Interpreter the Tongue then tells
The Sentiment the Soul at preſent feels:
If his Diſcourſe and Fortune claſh, aloud
All laugh, the Nobles joining with the Crowd.

A difference, nor ſmall yet, muſt appear,
Whether a Hero or a God we hear;
Whether a Perſon of maturer age,
Or a gay Youth be brought upon the Stage;
Whether the fond officious buſy Nurſe,
Or Matron of Authority diſcourſe;
The Merchant that perpetually roves,
Or the good Ruſtick, that his Farm improves:
His Air and Manner muſt his Country ſpeak,
Whether ſome *Aſian*, *Theban*, or a *Greek*.

Follow Report, or likely Things invent;
Homer's dread Hero if you repreſent,

Let

Let him adventurous, and ſtern appear,
Inexorable Threat, and Domineer,
Deny He any Laws is ſubject to,
All, All aſſerting to his Arms is due.
Medea furious and impotent,
All Treachery *Ixion* repreſent.
Oreſtes deſperate and full of Fears;
Io muſt wander; *Ino* bathe in Tears.
If an original new Perſonage
You venture to exhibit on the Stage,
Be It intirely One, the ſelf-ſame Soul
Diſcovering Itſelf throughout the Whole.
'Tis hard to ſpeak the *MAN* in all you ſay,
From all Mankind yet differ in your way;
Better it were, if into Scenes you drew
Some Piece of *Homer*'s, than ought venture new;
For if you neither keep the trite broad-way;
Nor the exact Interpreter betray,

Rendering

Rendering word for word your Author's ſenſe,
Your Author's Senſe and Subject yours commence:
Neither appear that Imitator yet,
Too limited a Plan yourſelf to ſet,
Which ſhame would never ſuffer you to quit,
Would the Condition of your Work permit.

Begin not at the *Cyclic* Writer's rate,
I'll ſing Troy's *famous War and* Priam's *Fate.*
Promiſing extraordinary Things,
What is it He, that Gape to anſwer, brings?
Again the Mountains labour as of old,
And a like Iſſue we, a Mouſe, behold.
Much better He, who no vain Prologue makes;
But, equal to the Task he undertakes,
Modeſtly enters on his Piece. *Muſe ſay*
The Man, who, after Troy *in ruins lay,*

Various

Various People, various Manners ſaw;
Meaning, not Smoak from Light, but Light to draw
From Smoak, hence brings his ſpecious Images;
Scylla now raves, now *Cyclops* roars, all Seas,
All Lands afford us now their Prodigies;
Pleaſing themſelves, ſtill more ſo thro' Surpriſe.
Nor would He, *Diomed*'s return to write,
The Death of *Meleager* firſt recite;
Nor in his *Iliad* goes He back as far
As *Leda*'s Eggs, to introduce the War:
Still in purſuit He of the grand Event
His Auditor through each *mean* Incident
In a precipitating Manner brings,
As they were all well-known familiar things:
And, no-where idle, all he that appears
Incapable of Ornament forbears;
So feigns He; all He feigns, with truth ſo blends,
His Piece, all uniform, proceeds, and ends,

Like

Like as It firſt begun; no jars you hear,
In it no Incoherencies appear.

Hear now what I, not I alone, but all
Expect, that ſtay to ſee the Curtain fall;
Each Stage in Life, its proper Manners know,
And on all years fit Ornaments beſtow;
One but to ſpeak and go late taught the Way
Delights together with his Mates to play;
His Mind too changing for no cauſe, the Child
Soon is provok'd, as ſoon is reconcil'd;
Horſes and Hounds, gay Sport, and Game engage
The Youth, once paſt He is the Pupil-age;
Like wax he ſoft and ſupple as he is
Takes any turn, obnoxious ſtill to Vice,
Nor can endure his Vices to be told;
Improvident, and laviſh of his Gold,

Aſpiring

Aſpiring, ſanguin, eaſy too to part
With what late won the fond Inconſtant's Heart;
Become a Man he aims at other Ends,
To raiſe his Fame, and Fortune, make him Friends;
Good heed too takes in no way to offend,
That after dear might coſt him to amend;
Little the Old-man knows but Care and Pain;
The Miſer ſacrificing all to Gain;
As it were ſacred too his Treaſure ſpares,
Fearing to uſe it after all his Cares;
Or dilatory and cold with diffidence
He acts; for much he doubts the Conſequence;
Indulging Fears, hopes hard to entertain,
As hard to pleaſe, nor leaving to complain;
Given to laſh the preſent Age, to praiſe
The paſt, and glory in his youthful days.
Loſt in our Ebb of Life thus diſappears
The various Treaſure of our flowing Years.

To Humours ſuitable and appoſite
Yourſelf confine, whichever Part you write,
Leſt there appear no difference between
Youth and Old Age, between mere Boys, and Men.

In Scenes things acted are, or only told;
Still the moſt moving thoſe are we behold;
Here need we on our Eyes alone rely,
Not truſt our Ears, or your Fidelity;
Never yet muſt be executed there
Things that apart tranſacted fitter were;
Many Things muſt you from the Eye conceal,
And in prompt Words what Action wants reveal;
Inhuman *Atreus* never muſt you ſhew
Setting his horrid Feaſt forth in our view;
Nor muſt *Medea* ſpill her Children's Blood;
Sights ſo unnatural would All explode;

If

If *Cadmus* in a Scene, or *Progne*, ſhe
Turn to a Swallow, to a Serpent He,
I no ſuch Metamorphoſes believe,
Nothing you ſhow me like 'em ſhall forgive.

Your Play, if you your Audience mean to gain,
Five Acts, nor more, nor fewer muſt contain;
No God muſt there vouchſafe an helping Hand,
Unleſs the Incident that Aid demand;
If a fourth Perſon in It ſpeak at all,
Let the Occaſion naturally fall.

The Quire your Part muſt ſecond, muſt defend
The Manlike Part, and Virtue recommend;
Never between the Acts yet muſt we ought
Hear, wide, or independent of your Plot:
Let It the Angry calm, the Fierce correct,
Embrace the Pious Man, the Good protect,

Frugality and Temperance approve,
Laws, wholſom Juſtice, Peace, and Freedom love;
Diſcloſe no Secrets; Faith and Honour praiſe;
Beg Heav'n, the Proud to ſink, the Wretched raiſe.
The Flute of old, with no rich Dreſs or Show,
Nor rivalling the Trumpet yet as now,
Slender and plain, with ſmall Variety
Of Notes, an Air had with an Harmony
Serving to aid the Quire, the Audience chear,
And fill the then uncrowded Theater,
Where a chaſte frugal Company, as yet
A people eaſy to be counted, met.
Soon as our Arms, attended with Succeſs,
Begun our Territories to increaſe,
And *Rome*, now populous, extend her Walls,
Her Genius indulge on Feſtivals,
To Eaſe and Luxury herſelf reſign,
The day to ſacrifice to Mirth and Wine,

And this with publick Toleration too,
Our Plays, and Muſick more licentious grew;
What elſe could entertain, what better ſuit
A Crowd illiterate, and diſſolute,
Ruſtick, and baſe, confounded with the few
Well-meaning Citizens, who better knew:
Hence with his train the Player ſwept the Stage;
The Flute learnt airs luxurious as the age;
And in more elevated Notes the Lyre,
Severe of old, begun now to aſpire;
And Eloquence in an unuſual Strain
Myſterious things preſuming to explain,
Sententious weighty Truths with this foreſhow,
Soon to the Oracle a Rival grew.

The Poet, who the Tragic Drama wrought,
Conteſting for a deſpicable Goat,

Soon

Soon the plain *Satyrs* too brought naked in,
And with a Wit ſevere as was his Mien,
Not proſtituting yet his Gravity,
Tryed the way of Jeſt and Pleaſantry,
As needful lures a people to intice
After the Riot of a Sacrifice
Drunk and unruly; nothing could without
Inviting Novelty detain the Rout.
I not the *Satyrs* ſo yet recommend,
Not ſo their Mock and Mimickery defend,
Serious things to treat in that light way,
As any God or Hero in the Play,
Late ſeen in Regal Purple to bring down,
Stripping him on a ſudden of his Crown,
And make him ſpeak the Cit, or ought as vile,
Diſcourſing in a mean Mechanic Style;
Nor, to avoid the vulgar Dialect,
Muſt he bombaſt and empty Flights affect:

Tragedy

Tragedy muſt not trifle on the Stage,
Should bluſh with wanton *Satyrs* to engage,
Like the grave Matron dancing at a Feaſt,
Not ſacrifice her Dignity to Jeſt:
Should I the *Satyrs*, *Piſo*, undertake,
The plain familiar Style I would not make,
Fond of It as I were, my only Care;
Nor of the Tragic Style would ſo beware,
But to *Silenus* would I have regard,
Tutor and Servant to the God his Ward,
Not make him like the Footman in the Play,
Like *Davus* talk, and ſervile Arts betray,
Or *Pythias*-like, grown inſolently bold,
Having defrauded *Simon* of his Gold:
My Poem, forming It on ſome known Theme,
I would ſo order, It ſhould eaſy ſeem;
Any might hope, if that were to excell,
Himſelf were able to perform as well;

Let

Let any yet attempt It, it ſhould coſt
Him not a little; All were labour loſt;
So much on Harmony of Parts depends;
So much the plaineſt things It recommends;
Alike would unbecoming ſeem in *Fawns*,
(Bred not at Court, nor Town, but brought from [Lawns,)
Juvenile Dalliance, and Gayety,
Or ſordid Jeſt, and vile Buffoonery;
Nor if ſuch Ribaldry the Rabble gain,
Will it alike all others entertain;
The Nobles, all of worth, you but offend,
Who to the Lawrel in this way pretend.

Two Syllables, whereof one ſhort is found,
The ſecond long, that *Foot* of rapid Sound,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Name *Iambus*, make:
Hence came the Verſe, call'd *Trimeter*, to take

The

The Name too of *Iambic*, whilſt this Foot
Six times reiterated in it ran throout:
This Verſe, its Vehemence to qualify,
And to approach the Ear more leiſurely,
With patience receiv'd the more ſedate
And ſtable Foot, the *Spondy* but of late;
In a leſs amicable manner yet
Into the fourth, as well as ſecond Seat:
The *Spondy* in *Accius* noble *Trimeters*,
Not often this, and *Ennius* too appears;
Unweildy Lines, that labour ſtill to move,
The Ignorant, or haſty Sloven prove:
Ill Numbers paſs not ſeldom with Mankind;
Our Poets too undue indulgence find:
But ſhall I therefore rove, all Meaſures quit,
After a looſe licentious rate to write,
Nor Matter who, if all my Errors ſee,
Counting All well, if Men but pardon me?

Granting in ſhort my failings all forgave,
No merit I, to praiſe no Title have.

Read you the *Grecian* Models day and night;
Plautus *as well his Numbers as his Wit*
Were Entertainment for our Anceſtors ——
Which but their Patience proves, to ſay no worſe,
Or, *Piſo*, I and you are yet to learn
True Harmony in Numbers to diſcern;
Want Senſe in Manners to diſtinguiſh right
Between the Liberal and Ruſtick Wit.

Theſpis is ſaid a ſort of Tragedy
To have invented full of Novelty;
Perſons with Faces ſtain'd with lees on carts
To carry too, to ſing, and act their Parts.
Æſchylus next the Scene embelliſhes,
The Author of the Mask and graceful Dreſs;

Erecting

Erecting too a mod'rate Stage, he taught
To ſpeak, and tread, with Dignity, and State.

After appear'd the antient Comedy,
With high Applauſe too; but, her Liberty
Degenerating to Licentiouſneſs,
A Law was made her Fury to repreſs;
The Quire ſo ſcandalouſly mute became,
No longer tolerated to defame.

Our Writers in each kind have made eſſays;
Nor merit inconſiderable praiſe,
Who from the *Grecian* Tracks durſt deviate,
Tranſactions of our own to celebrate,
Whether ſuperior Dignity and State,
Or lower Life they taught to imitate:
Neither would *Romans* more in Arms and Might
Superior prove, than Poetry and Wit,

But frighted are our Poets at the task,
The Toil, and Time compleat Productions ask;
Still a Severe ſtrict Hand muſt well chaſtiſe,
Due time too mellow all you, *Piſo*, prize.

Becauſe *Democritus* conceives a Vein
Luckier than wretched Art, the ſober Swain
Excludes from *Helicon*, few Poets care
Their Beards to ſhave, but few their Nails to pare;
Company they renounce, and nothing more
Than Decency and Cleanlineſs abhor;
For well they know, all thoſe of conſequence,
Poets of Rate and Dignity commence,
Who never ſhave, and ſo far Frantick prove,
No Helebore their Frenzy can remove:
At Spring purge I, fond care! to cure the Spleen;
Elſe not a better Poet had there been:

But nothing is there ſo much worth; ſo I
The Whetſtone's part chuſe rather to ſupply,
That to the Weapon gives an edge we find,
Tho it diſcovers nothing of the Kind:
Thus may I ſerve to whet another's Wit,
And without Writing teach the Way to Write;
The Duty of a Poet may I ſhew,
Where lies his Fund, what Ornaments are true,
What falſe; what leads him to excell, what err,
What forms, and finiſhes his Character.

Philoſophy the ſource of writing well,
And ground is neceſſary to excell;
The Moraliſts will furniſh ſtore of ſenſe;
Which never fails of eaſy Eloquence:
One who his Duty to his Country knows,
What to a Father, Brother, Friend he owes;

Nor

Nor is the Parts yet which the Judge concern,
The Senator, and General to learn;
Every Perſon of whatever State
According to the Life ſhall imitate.

The skilful Imitator ever makes
Nature his Model; hence his Manners takes;
After the Life ſo copies All, that All
Appears no Copy, but Original:
A Play conſpicuous in the Moral part,
Without the aid of Numbers, Dreſs, or Art,
Be but the Characters well humour'd, moves
The Audience more, more entertaining proves,
More popular ſuch oftentimes are found,
Than ſmoother Numbers, of leſs ſenſe than ſound,

In Wit and Eloquence the *Grecians* ſhone,
Covetous They of Praiſe, and Praiſe alone:

Our

Our Youth thro' Subdiviſions learn to count,
To what five Groats five days at uſe amount;
Let but *Albinus* Son here anſwer make,
What if ten Groats We from a Noble take?
Say what remains,— As many Groats remain.—
But if ten Groats were added; ſay again,
What would It make?— An Angel.— Right, my Son,
Well do you promiſe you will keep your own.
Once too the Soul devoted is to pelf,
But minding to provide for wretched ſelf;
Verſes by Authors writ of ſuch a caſt
Muſt needs ſucceed, long likely are to laſt.

Poets or mean to Profit or Delight;
Or both for Uſe and Entertainment write;
Be your Inſtructions all ſuccinct and plain,
So we with eaſe ſhall take 'em, long retain:

Nor

Nor a juſt meaſure in this Part exceed;
Superfluous advice we little heed:
Nor ſhall we credit ought you pleaſe to feign;
Fiction Truth muſt ſeem to entertain;
Never make *Lamia* again reſtore
The Child alive ſhe feaſted on before;
Old men explode unprofitable Jeſt;
Grave things no better entertain the reſt;
If you Inſtruct and pleaſe at once, at once
The Lawrel would all Parties yours pronounce;
Theſe are the Books demanded by Mankind,
Theſe univerſal Admiration find,
And to their Authors reputation give,
That to ſucceeding ages makes 'em live.

Good Archers yet not always aim aright;
Good *Hands*, the Note they meant, not always hit;

Oftentimes

Oftentimes for the *Flat* a *Sharp* we hear;
In Verſe ſo failings are there we can bear;
Few blemiſhes, where frequent beauties glow,
Such as from Human Nature's frailty flow,
Or no unpardonable negligence
Perchance might caſt, ſhall give me no offence:
What then? the Scribe, that ſtill his Fault repeats,
Tho often told the ſame, no pardon meets:
At the Muſician laugh you, who, a Sot,
Conſtantly out is at the ſelf-ſame note;
So one, who, as it were his cuſtom, errs,
To me another *Chœrilus* appears,
One, when he writes a tolerable Style,
I never can admire without a ſmile;
Whilſt, if good *Homer* e'er himſelf forget,
As much the diſappointment I regret;
Tho could we take offence, we do him wrong;
For Sleep may well ſurpriſe in Works ſo long.

Poems, like Pictures, different appear;
Some at a diſtance pleaſe us, others near;
Thoſe a dark corner love, theſe open light,
Challenging here the penetrating Wit;
If thoſe pleaſe once, theſe always pleaſe; your view
Ten times repeat, your pleaſure ſtill is new.

This one remark to memory commit,
Tho a wiſe Father, *Piſo*, guide you right,
And with ſufficient ſenſe Yourſelf are bleſt;
Some things are tolerable, tho not beſt:
A Lawyer, or a Pleader at the Bar,
Tho he nor deep *Caſcellius'* Learning ſhare,
Nor with *Meſſala* vie in Eloquence,
Men yet eſteem, tho ſhort of excellence;
But in the Art of Poetry not ſo,
Here neither Men nor Gods a *mean* allow:

Indifferent

Indifferent Perfumes and Songs at Feaſts,
As they were better ſpar'd, offend the Gueſts;
So Plays, an Entertainment for the Mind,
If not the beſt, the worſt are in the kind:
None wanting skill, if not as void of ſhame,
The Liſts would enter at a publick Game;
Whilſt others not unpractic'd in the Art,
Wreſtle, or Run, or Fence, he ſtands apart;
Leſt he the numerous licentious Crowd
At his expence provoke to laugh aloud:
One ignorant dares Write. *And why forbid?*
Free as he is; a Gentleman beſide,
Not leſs conſiderable than a Knight;
Without a blemiſh he too why not Write?
You more conſideration have, my Friend;
Nothing in ſpight of Nature will pretend:
Yet ſhould you ought hereafter write, your Verſe
To your Father, to impartial Friends rehearſe;

Keep it too by you long; ſo may you ought
Alter at leiſure, ought you will blot out;
Once publick you appear, no longer ſo;
Words no return, but once eſcaping, know.

Orpheus, that ſacred Bard, from blood and rage
Was able to diſſuade a Savage age;
For this is He interpreted by Fame
Tygers and Lions to controul and tame;
Thus is *Amphion* ſaid too with his Lyre,
(So able was the Poet to inſpire)
The Stones to move, and by his tuneful Lays
Draw as he would, the *Theban* Wall to raiſe.
Cities to build, to form Societies,
And rude Mankind by Laws to civilize,
Wild Luſt reſtrain, promote the Nuptial State,
Publick from private things to ſeparate,

Things

Things ſacred from profane to ſet apart,
Was once the Province of Poetic Art:
'Twas this gave weight and credit to their Lays,
And brought the ſacred Poets laſting Praiſe.
Next *Homer* and *Tyrtæus*, loud alarms
Sounding in Verſe, the Brave provok'd to Arms;
From Verſe our Moral Precepts we derive,
Taught by the ancient Poets *how to live*;
In Verſe the Oracles things future told;
Favour'd by Monarchs was It too of old;
Verſe ſerving to unbend the Mind, like Play,
And crown with Eaſe the Buſineſs of the day:
Nor bluſh to liſten, *Piſo*, to what Kings
Delight to hear, and what *Apollo* ſings.

Some think, *Art forms the Poet*; others ſcorn
All Art; *All Poets*, hold, *were Poets born*;

But

But as, without a Vein, all Study fails,
A Vein as little without Art avails:
Their mutual aſſiſtance They require;
Each other to aſſiſt like Friends conſpire:

Much muſt He do, much whilſt a Boy endure,
To hunger, heat and cold himſelf inure,
From the ſoft Joys of Love and Wine abſtain,
Who at a Race the Victory would gain;
And no Muſician durſt diſpute the Crown,
E'er he a thorow Diſcipline had known;
A Poet are you, if you only brag,
I before any am; I ſcorn to lag;
Shame on the daſtard Wretch, that For the want
Of Learning, *cries*, He truly is ignorant.

As to buy Goods the Cryer draws the rout,
Fine Wares — no better Bargains — giving out;

So,

So, to encourage Flatterers, the Bard,
Now is your time—Truſt him, cries, *for Reward*;
A Real with a Perſonal Eſtate
Has he; *not one is of the common rate:*
And in good earneſt be he one of worth,
Able to ſet a handſom Dinner forth,
The needy rabble Bail, their Cauſe befriend,
And from vexatious Suits a Wretch defend,
I ſhould admire, if happily that Wit
He ſhare, true Friends to know from counterfeit.
You, whether any Kindneſs you have done,
Or any, *Piſo*, mean to any one,
Ne'er ask his Judgment; full of Joy he, *Right*,
Oh fine, would cry, *All elegantly writ!*
Nay more, he pale would turn, ſtamp would and [leap,
Nor fail, ſo true a Friend he is, to weep.
As People at a Funeral you hear
Mourning for Hire, more ſorrowful appear,

Saying

Saying and doing uſually more,
Than ſuch as heartily their Loſs deplore;
Thus in reality the Flatterer
Mov'd more is than a Friend much honeſter.

Kings with repeated Cups are ſaid to ply
And by the force of wine the Perſon try
They well would know; examining with care
Whether their Friendſhip he deſerve to ſhare:
If you Compoſe, Rehearſe to choſen Friends;
Often he proves the Fox, who moſt commends.

If to *Quintilius* you recited ought,
Correct, he'd tell ye, *ſuch and ſuch a Fault*;
If, *You could do no better*, you reply'd,
Having with no Succeſs already try'd;
He then would bid ye, *Blot thoſe Verſes out*,
And give a better turn to all ill wrought:

If readier to defend a Fault than mend
He ſaw you, no more pains would he miſpend,
Not a word more; you e'en might take your courſe,
And without Rival hug yourſelf and yours.

A Friend of ingenuity and care
Nothing would idle in your Poem ſpare;
Ambiguous expreſſions none endure;
Bid you give Light to All he met obſcure;
All hard and inharmonious Lines reviſe;
All meretricious Ornaments chaſtiſe;
Thro' a looſe flattern Line a Stroke would draw;
Nor fail to mark whate'er amiſs he ſaw:
Like *Ariſtarchus* plain would be; not, *Why*
Should I offend my Friend for trifles? cry:
Such trifles, will your own experience
Convince you, are of ſerious conſequence,

When you, receiv'd once in a manner leaſt
Anſwering your fond hopes, become a Jeſt.

All men of ſenſe, afraid to venture nigh,
The raving Bard, as one infected, fly,
Or worſe than Lunatick, and Frantick grown;
Boys, heedleſs Creatures, hunt him up and down:
If, like the Hawker minding more his Game
Than way, our Poetaſter headlong came
Into a Ditch, or down into a Well,
Sublimely Rhyming in his Rambles, fell;
There long too bawl for help, the Wretch might [burſt
His Lungs, none heeds him; Help no Creature durſt:
But ſhould you care to help, had any thought
Of letting down a rope to draw him out,
How know y' he came not there a Volunteer,
Or would be ſav'd at any rate whate'er?

Hear

Hear how *Empedocles* of *Sicily*,
Another ſuch, the fancy took to die;
Willing immortal to be thought, and mad,
One to the number of the Gods to add,
Int' *Ætna*'s Flames, at once his point to gain,
On cool deliberation leapt the Swain.
All Poetaſters toleration give
To periſh; Be it their Prerogative;
To keep the Bard alive againſt his Will,
Were barbarous, the ſame were as to kill:
Beſides it's not the firſt or ſecond time
He this has done; nor could you hinder him;
No, never, tho you drew him out again,
Would he that puny Creature, *Man*, remain;
Never his paſſion to his Favourite,
A Death, ſo fair, and famous, would he quit:
Neither appears it, why he deals in Rhyme,
If not condemn'd to't for ſome heinous crime,

Some Sacrilegious or Inceſtuous Act;
But mad he is, it's viſible in Fact,
And, as effectually as a Bear
Broke looſe, All routs, All puts in mortal fear,
Learnt or illiterate; his bitter Verſe,
To all he meets, not failing to rehearſe;
But whoſoever comes within his reach,
Incontinently ſeizing on the Wretch,
To Death he reads him; ſuch delicious food
The Leech ne'er leaving, till it burſts with blood.

F I N I S.

NOTES

NOTES

UPON

HORACE's

ART of POETRY.

Line 2. *VARIAS inducere plumas*] Were there no other reaſon for reading *formas* inſtead of *plumas*, I ſhould chuſe to do it, becauſe the Monſter our Author preſents us with, ſeems as perfect in its Kind, and as like the Book he compares to it, as any the Painter himſelf, whether we ſuppoſe him mad, or in his beſt Wits, could have drawn, without the Addition of Feathers to cover it. Dr. *Bentley*, in effect, obſerves the ſame; but notwithſtanding that, was contented to leave the Text as he found it in the vulgar Editions; a particular Inſtance this of his Modeſty, eſpecially conſidering the Liberties he has taken to alter it in other Places; not that I think he has done it any where without plauſible Reaſons; and as in this Paſſage I have taken his Judgment, ſo, *generally* ſpeaking, I have followed his Edition throughout; tho' in no Inſtance where the Text, according to his Reading, did not appear to me more genuine, more like our Author, upon a Compariſon of him with himſelf, than any other. This Edition is in every one's Hands. So that there was no occaſion for Printing the Text at large; and, to ſay Truth, I by

by no means car'd to do it, conſidering the Diſadvantage the beſt Copy appears at, when ſet in Oppoſition to the beautiful Original: If the Notes are any thing worth, they may excuſe my citing a few Paſſages.

Lin. 7. *Cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ Fingentur ſpecies.*] A Book conſiſting of Notions, Forms, or Appearances of Things; Things of the Writer's own framing; ſo entirely his own, as to have no manner of Ground or Foundation in Nature, not ſo much as the Appearance of Reality in them, *Species vanæ.*

Lin. 8. *Ut nec pes nec caput uni Reddatur formæ.*] So that it were impoſſible to make either Senſe or Meaning of it; having, as we ſay, neither Head nor Tail, for any thing that ſhould appear in it like a Beginning, Middle, or an End.

Lin. 11. *Scimus.*] *Horace* here readily allows the ancient Privilege belonging to Poets and Painters, aſſerted by the Poet juſt before; a Privilege of making any Attempts they ſhould fancy, *Quidlibet audendi.*

Lin. 12. *Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia.*] With this Reſtriction, however, never to offer to unite or reconcile Things that in their Natures were incompatible and contrary. The Poet is profeſſedly no other than an Imitator of Life and Nature; Nature is his only Standard, and whilſt he is govern'd by that, he he is perfectly at Liberty to feign, create, or make, τὰ ποιεῖν, as he is able at his Pleaſure; only the Creature of his Brain, like one of Nature's Formation, muſt be ever conſiſtent, or of a Piece with itſelf; and all he feigns, tho' it be mere Fable, ſhould have nothing in it diſcovering it to be any other than perfect Reality; for if the Fiction be not ſeemingly true, it is not true in a Poetical Senſe; Poetical Truth conſiſting in the Probability or plauſible Appearance of whatever the Poet feigns.

Lin. 19. *Sed nunc non erat his locus*] Deſcriptions in Poetry, like Colourings in Painting, are at beſt but

but Ornamental, no way eſſential to the Deſign of the Piece; the Subject to all intents and purpoſes might be executed and made compleat without 'em: if therefore they appear in the leaſt unſeaſonable, they muſt to a ſenſible Audience, ſuch as attend the Deſign of the Poem, become abſolutely intolerable; and they never can be more unſeaſonable than at the time the Poets allotted them, *i. e.* immediately after they had enter'd on their Subject; which, it ſeems, They fail'd not to do without an air of Grandure and Magnificence, thus filling their Audience with an expectation of hearing ſome important Action or Event; the moſt effectual courſe they could have taken to diſappoint them.

Lin. 23. *Sit quid vis: ſimplex duntaxat et unum*] Our ordinary Notion of a Piece or *Work* in any kind implies a perfect correſpondence and union of all the Parts compoſing it, as alſo a joint and effectual tendency in all the parts in their ſeveral places to promote and execute one and the ſame Deſign, I mean the general or main Deſign of the Piece. Simplicity and Unity of Deſign is the governing principle in Nature, that which firſt diſcovers itſelf in all her Works; and all Artiſts of whatever kind muſt and do reckon themſelves unnatural and wrong, if they in the leaſt tranſgreſs it; much more muſt it behoove the good Poet and Painter to obſerve it, who by his Profeſſion is no otherwiſe a Poet or Painter than as he appears to imitate Nature: with reſpect to any other Artiſt, if he be be a Maſter and Lover of his Art, you would ſoon perceive the anticipating ſenſe he has of this reigning principle, if taking a Piece of *Work* that was inconſiſtent, or, as they ſay, at odds with itſelf, or of an odd Deſign, you preſum'd to ask him, "Whether that were his Work?" The queſtion no doubt would ſufficiently provoke him; however the civileſt anſwer you could expect from him would be perhaps that "Whatever yourſelf were pleas'd

"to

" to take him for, he was well enough known not
" to be that Bungler; that at leaſt he underſtood
" the firſt Rule and Foundation of his Art better;
" for as for the Work, as you were pleas'd to call
" it, he ſaw nothing like the truth of *Work* in it."

Lin. 25. *Decipimur ſpecie recti*] By *ſpecie recti* I underſtand not the bare ſhow of an Excellence or Perfection in compoſition, not a mere ſeeming Excellence or Virtue, but the real Beauty or Form of a real Excellence or Virtue; for real Excellencies in the kind certainly are Brevity, Smoothneſs, Majeſty, *&c.* in which our Author inſtances immediately after. Nor can it appear ſtrange that *Horace* ſhould repreſent Virtue or Excellence, or the real appearance of It as thus deluding and deceitful, if we conſider that with reſpect to the Moral Virtues in Life itſelf, a fond and immoderate paſſion for any one of them, ſhall not only make us neglect all others, but often betray us to a Conduct as diſtant from the Right, as that which we endeavour of all others to avoid. Our florid high Ideas for inſtance of Generoſity often make us Prodigals; a like eſteem for Frugality, Miſers. Zeal in Religion, whether it hold more of Love or Fear, as often betrays the Religioniſt to groſs Enthuſiaſm, or the moſt abject Superſtition.

Inſani ſanus nomen ferat æqus iniqui
Ultra quam ſatis eſt Virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
Book I. Ep. 6.

The juſt unjuſt, the wiſe count Madmen too,
Who Virtue further than they need purſue.

Mean time it is certain, that as well as we mean, the true cauſe of the deluſion or cheat at the bottom lies in ourſelves, and is plainly no other than that which our Author aſſigns as the Cauſe of the like Miſcarriages in Poets in the purſuit of their ſeveral favourite

favourite Virtues, *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret Arte.* As all Virtues have their extremes, ſo all Affections have their exceſſes, and whatever their object be, *Art* or Judgment and Diſcretion are abſolutely wanted to moderate and govern them.

——————*Sunt certi denique fines*
Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum.
Book I. Sat. 1.

Virtue between unvaried limits lies,
And all beyond on either ſide is vice.

Lin. 32. *Faber, unus*—] Our Author ſeldom fails to make uſe of the word *unus*, when he would repreſent any Subject or Perſon as poſſeſt of the Quality, Virtue, or whatever elſe he attributes to It in an uncommon high degree; and I prefer it to *imus* here, becauſe a Work-man of *ſingular* Dexterity in ſome particular Parts of his Work, but as remarkably defective as to the Whole, is a character ſufficiently liable to ridicule, without our conſidering him as one of the inferior ſort, or of the meaneſt rank; a circumſtance, that, inſtead of adding to the ridicule, would rather incline one to excuſe his want of conſummate Skill or Perfection.

Lin. 34. *Infelix operis, ſumma; quia ponere totum Neſciet.*] No performance in Poetry no more than any other in any kind will be taken for a Whole, that amongſt its conſtituent parts has any one incoherent with the reſt, or independent of the main Deſign of the Piece; or in which all the Parts taken together make not one entire thing, by itſelf compleat and independent: So that allowing the Poet or Writer of any ſort a perfect Maſter of ſuch and ſuch parts of his Deſign in hand, nay, that he could execute all the parts by themſelves curiouſly well, yet if the parts did not all perfectly ſute one another, and all together expreſs that Harmony, that ſummary Beauty

and Perfection belonging to our Idea of a Body or a Whole, however we might admire his ingenuity as to particulars, we never could regard the Thing as a Whole without thinking the Writer as wretched a Performer as the notable Statuary of the *Æmilian* Square.

Lin. 40. *Potenter*] In an able maſterly manner, like one who underſtanding his ability chuſes a Subject not unequal to it.

Lin. 42. *Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus.*] The way or artifice, upon which the Force and Ornament of Order, in our Author's account, depends, may, according to our ordinary notion of the thing, look more like a direct Violation than any Improvement of it. But it is eaſy to conceive that Poetical Order muſt be a very different thing from that requir'd in Philoſophy or Hiſtory, as different as are the Provinces and Deſigns of thoſe ſeveral Species of Writing: but whoever reflects on the conduct of the moſt celebrated Poets of antiquity, and inquires into the ground of that delight they afford us, will find that our Author's Judgment in this point is in reality very old, and founded on the conſtant practice of the ancienteſt and beſt Writers; and that, had they obſerved any other order, their works had wanted one of their greateſt Perfections, that, to which they owe the power they have at once to engage our attention and give us perpetual delight.

Lin. 48. *Dixeris egregie notum, ſi callida verbum Reddiderit junctura novum.*] Whether it requires as much skill to render a known word new, (I mean a word of ordinary familiar uſe to ſignify ſome new or uncommon idea) as it may do, to make a new word known, (*i. e.* eaſy and plain to be underſtood) may poſſibly be diſputed; but if we ſuppoſe the Applauſe our Author pronounces here meant in behalf of one who ſhould make a new word known; Whether in that caſe the remark would ſeem altogether ſo ſeaſonable

nable in this place: ſince our Author immediately upon it makes it a queſtion, Whether it were allowable to make uſe of new words at all, uſhering his bare ſuppoſition of the neceſſity there might be for it with a dubious peradventure, *Si forte neceſſe eſt*, &c. That it was a queſtion in his time, or rather that the practice was much condemn'd ſeems very evident; otherwiſe our Author had had no occaſion to defend it, as he does, in ſo many lines; but before he offers to defend it, he allows that Words, whether of late or preſent invention, *(nova factaque nuper,)* muſt depend on other terms for their authority, beſides the occaſion there might be for them. *Si Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.*

Lin. 50. *Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis Continget.*] In a Caſe of Neceſſity, where new Signs are abſolutely wanted to ſignify or expreſs Ideas of things yet without any Names, *continget fingere*, one ſhall happen, (the occaſion will naturally prompt one) to make or coin words ſuch as were unknown to former ages.

Lin. 81. *Alternis aptum ſermonibus.*] A Foot fit for Converſation. *Tully*, ſpeaking of the *Roman* Tongue with reſpect to its meaſures, ſays, it conſiſted in a good meaſure of *Iambiques*. The ſame thing, we know, has been remark'd, (and doubtleſs on much better grounds) of that harmonious numerous flowing Language, the *Greek*. If the *Iambus* be not ſo frequent in other Languages, it may be a queſtion however whether this Foot does not prevail in all Languages whatſoever; in the Modern as well as the old *Italian*, the *French* and even the grave *Spaniſh*, it is eaſy to obſerve it; and in our own as well as thoſe I have mention'd, there are few Proverbs or common Forms of Speech that are not a ſort of Verſe conſiſting of *Iambiques*; and, I believe, whoever ſhould examine it would find, that in our Proſe, our ordinary diſcourſe, for better ſound's

ſake, as well as in our Verſe, for meter's ſake, we take much the ſame Liberties in the pronunciation of our Words as did the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and are govern'd, tho' inſenſibly, by the ſame Rules, the ſame in effect with thoſe the Ancients eſtabliſh'd for the purpoſe, *viz.* to render their Language at once more harmonious and ſignificant. And it is certain the *Iambus* of all others is a foot the moſt naturally fitted for this purpoſe; and if we ſuppoſe it actually to reign in all Languages in the World, it is no more than what might be accounted for from natural cauſes, the cauſes our Author here mentions, *alternis aptum Sermonibus*, a foot (he ſays in general) ſuting Converſation or Dialogue; It is natural, we know, for all Mankind to expreſs their Sentiments as in the moſt ſignificant terms, ſo in the moſt moving accent, and this the better to anſwer the Ends of Language, *viz.* to inform, and affect, or *move* thoſe we converſe with. *Et natum rebus agendis*, a Foot too naturally calculated for Action; in regard to that Vigour, Force, and Spirit common to it and the Nature of Action.

Lin. 81. *Popularis vincentem ſtrepitus.*] A Foot of a Sound (by virtue of its Force, Vehemence and Loftineſs) overcoming, or heard notwithſtanding the Noiſes ever accompanying a numerous Aſſembly.

Lin. 86. *Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores*] By *Vices* are meant the ſeveral Turns or Forms of the ſeveral Subjects or Works in Poetry; by *colores*, the Styles ſuiting the ſeveral Sorts. *Colores*, an apt Term to expreſs the Styles in Compoſition; our Author perhaps too in the uſe of it tacitly refers the Poet to the Example of the Painter, who reckons it a mean Part of his Art, tho' none more neceſſary, than to diſtinguiſh the Subjects he deſigns, and to ſort his Colours accordingly.

Lin. 92. *Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decentem.*] *Locus* here does not ſignify Place in the ordinary Acceptation

ceptation of the Word, but the Quality, Rank, or Dignity of a Subject; for *Horace* is ſpeaking here, not of the Diſpoſition or Arrangement of the ſeveral Parts of the Subject, but of the different Styles belonging to different Subjects. Let every Subject, he ſays, preſerve the Rank or Degree befitting it; *i. e.* let it be repreſented in a Style agreeable to the Turn and Genius peculiar to it.

Lin. 116. *Matrona potens.*] Our Author, in making the noble Epithet *potens* the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of the Matron, ſuppoſes the Perſon to demean herſelf with that Dignity and Severity becoming that honourable State; a State, which, if ſhe behave in a manner worthy of it, is ever accompanied with Reſpect and Authority.

Lin. 128. *Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere.*] It is a difficult Matter (ſpeaking to the Poet under the Character of the new Perſon he repreſents) *communia dicere*, to relate common Things; Things, as they appear merely in common Life, or Life in general, *propriè*, in a peculiar *proper* Manner; in ſuch a Manner as ſhall in all Things diſtinguiſh you from all others, and ever make you like your ſelf. So that the Terms *communia* and *proprie* here, I take it, ſignify no more than what thoſe other *nova perſona* imply; for the *Perſon* to be any Perſon at all, is ſuppos'd *communia dicere*: He muſt, in his Commerce and Converſation, diſcover nothing but what is agreeable to human Life in common; and to be a *new Perſon*, *nova perſona*, he muſt through every Particle of the Action preſerve a Manner peculiar to himſelf, ſuch as ſhall diſtinguiſh him from every Individual of the Kind, whether ſubſiſting in real Life, Hiſtory, or Fable only. To render our Author's Senſe in fewer Words; It is hard to appear at once natural and original; to talk perfectly like the reſt of Mankind, in a manner as perfectly your own. As Nature has given Mankind in general an underſtanding, Temper, Paſſions,

ſions, &c. ſuch as make Men be all of a Kind; ſo in every Individual of the Kind ſhe has given the Underſtanding, Temper, &c. a particular Mark or Characteriſtick Note, that makes it be that very Individual or proper Self. The Poet, in the Formation of his new Perſon, muſt do the ſame, which muſt needs be a Matter of preſſing Weight; and no one, I imagine, ever made any Attempt in this kind, but was ſufficiently ſenſible of the Truth of our Author's Aſſertion, *Difficile eſt*— To do it in Perfection, he muſt do like that primitive Poet or ſecond Maker *Homer*; that is, he muſt form his Perſons in ſuch a manner, that whichever of 'em ſpeaks in the Dialogue, the Perſon, in all he delivers, muſt appear perfectly natural; all muſt be drawn from that great Original Human Life at large; at the ſame time a ſingle Expreſſion, a few Words let fall from any one of them on any ſlight Occaſion, muſt diſcover the Party ſpeaking; he muſt ſpeak in ſuch a manner, that, without any other Help, one might with Certainty pronounce, it was ſuch or ſuch a Perſon ſpoke, the manner appearing ſo like him, ſo different from that of any other, that we could not poſſibly miſtake him.

Our Commentators, Tranſlators, &c. will by no means allow us to render the Word *Communia* here *common*; no, not in any Senſe; becauſe our Author, in the immediate following Lines calls the ſame *ignota indictaque*; but what are thoſe *common* Things, common I mean in the Senſe given above, other than *ignota indictaque*; *ignota*, unknown, or not to be met with in any particular diſtinct Copy in Life; *indictaque*, untold, *i. e.* ſuch as have no Subſiſtence, not ſo much as in Hiſtory or Fable; none but as they appear in their Original, Human Life in common, or Life and Nature at large.

Lin. 134. *Nec deſilies imitator in artum*—] *Artum* here ſtands in Oppoſition to *patulum*, in the Line above

above *nec circa vilem patulumque, &c.* And as our Author, on the one hand, cautions the Poet in that, not to make too bold with, not to borrow too much from the Original he follow'd; ſo, on the other hand, in this he cautions him not to be overſparing, not to confine himſelf in the Plan he forms upon it within too narrow Limits; which Limits, as they were of his own preſcribing, he muſt be aſham'd ever after to quit; or, if he ever durſt quit 'em, he, in that Inſtance, deſtroys his Work; for it is evident, that according to whatever Plan or Form a Work or Piece is begun, the Artiſt, by the Rule of Conſiſtency, is obliged to proceed and finiſh it according to the ſame, or his Performance would not be of a Piece with it ſelf, and conſequently could properly be no Piece, no *Work* at all. In none of thoſe Cautions does our Author direct himſelf to the Copyiſt, Interpreter, or mere Imitator; but in all of 'em to the Poet, or one who would imitate a preceding Poet in ſuch a manner, as to make his Copy deſerve the Name of an Original; and the Meaning of 'em all I take to be no more than this: Firſt, the Poet, who would deſerve that Name, tho' not an Original in the ſtrict Senſe of the Word, muſt take care not to copy at large: Secondly, whatever he might copy, not to render his Author literally: And Laſtly, whilſt he obſerves theſe Cautions, whilſt he refuſes to follow ſtrictly any preceding Poet or Hiſtorian, not to depart too far from him.

Lin. 148. *In medias res.*] Our Author here uſes the Prepoſition *in* inſtead of *per*; nor is this more remarkable than his uſing in another Place *de* inſtead of *a*: *De tenero meditatur ungui*, Book 3. Ode 6. *Medias res*, Things *mean* and ſubſervient only, or ſuch as do not immediately relate to the main Plot or principal Event.

Lin. 151. *Ita mentitur.*] *Horace* is not the firſt that has commended *Homer* for his admirable Faculty of Lying. *Ariſtotle* extols him above all Things for his underſtanding

underſtanding how to Lye in Perfection, making it a Science peculiar to him. Διδάσκει δὲ μάλιστα Ὅμηρος καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δεῖ. Ariſt. Poet. Ch. 24. *Homer*, of all Men, has beſt taught how to lye.

Lin. 157. *Mobilibuſque decor, maturis dandus & annis.*] As much as the *French* Critic admires the vulgar Reading, that which I have choſen, if it be not equally elegant, is certainly much more clear and intelligible. *Horace* here divides Life into two Portions, calling 'em moveable and mature; the moveable reaching to the Time when we arrive at Manhood, or a State of Maturity; the firſt he calls moveable, in regard to that Inconſtancy and Unſettledneſs peculiar to our younger Years.

Lin. 172. *Spe lentus.*] Whether we read *lentus*, *longus*, or whatever elſe, it cannot be conſtru'd full of Hopes, or in any Senſe that ſhould make Hope a Paſſion peculiar to an old Man; It being, as I take it, much more natural to the ſanguin warm Temper of Youth than to cold timorous old Age, or one that *Res, omnis timide gelideque miniſtrat.*

Lin. 214. *Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriem addidit arti Tibicen, &c.*] If *Sic* here hath any Reference to the immediate preceding Lines, to *licentia major*, or the want of Taſte in the new confus'd Audience, it would be hard to ſuppoſe, that our Author ſhould mention the following Alterations by way of Encomium; eſpecially conſidering how great a Lover He was of true Simplicity, how great an Admirer of the Manners of the Ancients: Conſidering too the Nature of the Office of the Quire as ſet forth in a few Lines before, it is certain nothing could be more ſutable to its Deſign and Dignity than an unaffected Simplicity and Severity in all belonging to it: and it is this Manner our Author here plainly recommends, when he obſerves it was the ancient manner (*non ut nunc*) at a time when the People were chaſte, frugal and modeſt (*Frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque*) oppoſing this

this Frugality, Severity, and Modeſty to that affectation of Magnificence and expence in the Dramatick Dreſs, extending even to the Muſical Inſtruments, *(Tibia orichalcho juncta)* with that luſcious Variety of Muſick, that falſe ſublime of Style with a pretenſion to Prophecy, which, upon a change of the State and the change of manners conſequent upon it, were in compliance with the vitious taſte of an illiterate ruſtick and corrupt audience afterwards introduc'd.

Lin. 233. *Satyris protervis.*] Wanton Satyrs. Wanton he means with reſpect to the extravagant and petulant practice of the Writers of the Satyrick Piece, in making the Perſonage, whether a God or Hero repreſented in the Tragedy acted juſt before, talk in the Satyrick Piece in a Style and manner very unbecoming the Dignity of his Character; whether in a low vulgar Style, or in a ſonorous, ſwoln and bombaſtick Strain; both equally to be avoided, as being equally diſtant from that ſimple natural manner, which our Author judg'd eſſential to the Genius of thoſe Pieces, as it is eaſy to gather from his Reflections on this Performance taken together.

Lin. 234. *Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina ſolum Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo.*] To make any tolerable Senſe of theſe Words they muſt be conſtrued, I imagine, in ſome ſuch manner as this; were I to write a Satyrick Poem, I would not regard or mind *inornata & dominantia nomina verbaque* alone; or, I would not indulge 'em ſo, as to regard nothing beſides; if this, ſo far as I have render'd the paſſage, be the true conſtruction, our Author by *inornata nomina verbaque* can not mean ſcandalous and brutiſh Words, no more than by *dominantia*, domineering; but whatever Words and Names he means, they muſt be ſuch as at leaſt are not unſutable to the Satyrick Piece; otherwiſe, inſtead of allowing the uſe of ſuch Words, he had no doubt abſolutely condemn'd 'em;

but ſeeing he does allow of 'em, we muſt neceſſarily ſuppoſe that the terms *inornata & dominantia* are capable of ſome better ſenſe; the only difficulty then, if that be any, is to determine what that better ſenſe may be: *Inornata nomina & verba* may, I conceive, be well render'd plain ſimple Words and Names, plain direct Language, or ſuch a Dialect as had none of the high Ornaments of Poetry or gloſſy paint of Rhetorick to render it florid and pompous; and Words, or a Kind of Dialect conſiſting of ſuch Words, may well I preſume be *inornata* in this Senſe without being mean, vulgar, or in any reſpect indecent; what *Longinus* obſerves of this ſort of Phraſe or Dialect, which he calls ἰδιωτισμὸς is not altogether foreign to our purpoſe, ἔστιν ἄρ' (he ſays,) ὁ ἰδιωτισμὸς ἐνίοτε τῦ κόσμου παραπολὺ ἐμφανεστικώτερον. *Longin.* Sect. 31. Plain familiar Words are ſometimes more ſignificant, more emphatical, than the florid and figurative. As for *nomina dominantia*, the terms at leaſt are the ſame with ὀνόματα κύρια; by ὀνόματα κύρια the *Greeks* meant no other than proper Names and Words, or the ſort of Dialect conſiſting of ſuch Words; proper, I mean, (not in oppoſition to what we call common, but) in contradiſtinction to the Metaphorical, and all ſuch as were brought to ſignify things improperly, or, in a figurative way: theſe figurative Words to diſtinguiſh 'em from κύρια, *Ariſtotle* terms ξενικὰ; Ξενικὸν δὲ λέγω —— μεταφορὰν —— καὶ πᾶν τὸ παρὰ τὸ κύριον. *Ariſt.* Poet. ch. 22. Ξενικὰ, *remote* or *foreign*, as they were brought to repreſent things or Subjects, to which, according to their own proper Signification, they had no Relation; as proper names were term'd κύρια on account of their immediate relation to, or the power and force they had directly to expreſs the things or Subjects belonging to 'em; of which Subjects, in regard to this power, they were look'd upon as a ſort of *Proprietors* or *Maſters*, κύρια. *Ariſtotle* in the ſame Paſſage obſerves too Σαφεστάτη [λέξις] ἔστιν ἡ ἐκ τῶν κυρίων ὀνομάτων. *Longinus*

ginus in the paſſage already cited obſerves the ſame thing; which peculiar Virtue in 'em, I mean their Significance and Perſpicuity, made ſuch Words of all others the moſt proper for the Satyrick Piece; as the Perfection of that Poem lay in a certain Plainneſs: it is obſervable too that *Longinus* in the immediate preceding Section joins with κύρια that diſtinguiſhing Epithet μεγαλοπρεπῆ, *handſom* and *magnificent*; which ſhews that he underſtood κύρια in a ſenſe, if not much the ſame, not altogether different from it. If then we only allow the term *inornata* capable of the ſenſe expreſt above, and that the *nomina dominantia* of the *Latins* ſignify the ſame with the ὀνόματα κύρια of the *Greeks*, the Senſe I have given 'em (eſpecially conſidering how ſutable ſuch Words are to the Genius of this Sort of Poem,) bids fair, I imagine, to be the true one; not to mention our Author's plain Allowance, or rather his recommendation of 'em, imply'd in the word *amabo*; as for his adding *non ſolum*, ſaying *non ſolum amabo*, all, I ſuppoſe, he can intend by it, is to give the Satyrick Writer to underſtand, that ſuch a plain ſimple Dialect, however commendable in him, was not the only thing he was to regard; and this, as we may well preſume, to prevent his falling into the Error of thoſe, who thought they had no more to do than to obſerve a decorum in Style, to quit however as much as poſſible the high Tragick and Bombaſtick manner; a conceit, that not only betray'd 'em to a manner of expreſſion rather mean than plain, more becoming a Footman than a Perſonage of Majeſty and Dignity, but to a neglect of what was principally to be regarded in the Satyrick Poem; and what that is, he intimates in the following Lines, *Ex noto fictum* &c. which Lines, to make the paſſage beginning at *Non ego inornata* compleat, muſt be taken as a part of it, and the particle *but* underſtood; *The plain ſim-*

ple manner of Expreſſion I would not regard alone, &c. *but Ex noto fictum* &c.

Lin. 240. *Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar* &c.] It was not enough to avoid the pompous Tragick Style, by putting into the Mouths of the Satyrs plain ſimple Words and Expreſſions, but, to render the Poem in a juſt and worthy Senſe plain, It ſhould be formed upon ſome known plain Subject, and treated in a manner as plain; ſo plain and natural, that any perſon at firſt hearing ſhould conceive there was little difficulty in it, nor at all queſtion, but he himſelf, if he ſat about it, might write upon the Subject as well; *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem.* At the ſame time whoever attempted it, whatever pains he took, they ſhould only ſerve to undeceive him; *Sudet multum fruſtraque laboret Auſus idem.* After all he might wonder perhaps what there was in the Caſe that ſhould make the thing, a thing ſo eaſy in all appearance, ſo difficult in the performance: tho', were he a competent Judge of Work or Compoſition, this very appearance of Eaſe alone would enable him to account for all the Difficulty, as it would prove to him the accuracy and perfection of the Workmanſhip; it being in reality no other than the effect of it. Every thing ſeems eaſy in proportion as it appears natural; and that performance, of all others, the moſt eaſy, that through Art and Labour is ſo poliſh'd, and wrought to that juſtneſs and Perfection, as to appear perfectly natural; and that the Satyrick Piece, and indeed all common Dialogue, all Works of the familiar kind, muſt do, to be perfect or indeed tolerable in their kind.

Lin. 242. *Tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet.*] That which the Perfection of all Performances of this kind, and conſequently their natural Freedom and Facility chiefly depends, is Order and Connection; and as any Piece, whatever it might be in other reſpects, however fraught with Wit and Invention, would be all Chaos and Confuſion without it, ſo a regular

regular Piece, a Piece consisting of an artful Series of Dialogues, where the Connection thro'out appears plain and natural, be the Subject of it ever so common, never fails to satisfy and delight.

Lin. 275. *Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ Dicitur* —— Thespis.] *Thespis* is said to have invented (he does not say the Tragic Kind of Muse, but) a kind of Tragic Muse, unknown *before:* If this be not a very wrong Interpretation, our Author, far from making *Thespis* the Author of Tragedy, absolutely speaking (as he has been thought to do, contrary to a plain Assertion of *Plato*'s) seems rather to suppose that Tragedy, in some Species or other, no matter how mean or imperfect, subsisted before him; which however it might very well do, and no Hindrance to *Thespis*'s inventing a new Kind or Species. *Plato*'s Assertion, as we find it in his *Minos* (which our Author's Commentators, it seems, were better acquainted with than himself) are, Ἡ δὲ Τραγῳδία ἐςι παλαιὸν ἐνθάδε, οὐχ ὡς οἴονται ἀπὸ Θέσπιδος ἀρξαμένη, οὐδ' ἀπὸ Φρυνίχου, ἀλλ' εἰ θέλεις ἐννοῆσαι πάνυ παλαιὸν αὐτὸ εὑρήσεις ὂν τῆσδε τῆς πολέως ἕυρημα, Tragedy is very ancient with us; it did not begin, as is thought, under *Thespis* or *Phrynicus*; but, if you care to examine it, you'll find this Invention of as ancient a Date as the *Athenian* State it self.

Lin. 281. *Successit vetus his Comœdia.*] *Comœdia* and *Chorus* here are us'd indifferently for one another; our Author meaning by either of 'em the same thing, not the Comedy or Quire singly, or one exclusively of the other, but both, the old Comedy, together with the Quire accompanying it. So by *Tragœdia*, in that Line above, *Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia versus*, I understand the Tragick Piece not exclusively of the Satyrick acted along with it.

Lin. 282.] *In vitium libertas excidit & vim Dignam lege regi; lex est accepta.*] The same Licentiousness in a like kind of Wit, I mean the *Atellan* and *Fescennine*, met

met with the like Reſtraint amongſt the *Romans*, of which our Author gives an Account in *Book* II. *Ep.* 1.

——— *Quin etiam lex*
Pœnaque lata malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi. ———

A penal Law too was enacted ſoon,
None in opprobrious Verſes to lampoon.

Lin. 288. *Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] I am not clear that I have given the true Meaning of this Line; but as the Words, I thought, were not ſo capable of any other; ſo none ſeem'd to me more ſuitable to the Scope of the Paſſage.

Lin. 301. *Tonſori Licino.*] This noted Barber, for his Merit, which conſiſted it ſeems in a mortal Hatred to *Pompey*, was by the Emperor *Auguſtus* made a Senator. His magnificent Tomb gave occaſion for the following Epitaph,

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus *jacet, at* Cato *nullo,*
Pompeius *parvo; quis putet eſſe Deus?*

Licinus has a ſtately Tomb we ſee;
Great *Pompey* has a little one;
The venerable *Cato* none;
Then let who will believe a God for me.

Lin. 338. *Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris.*] It is the Appearance of Reality, or a Reſemblance to Truth alone, that can make any Fiction pleaſe.

Lin. 352. *Quas aut incuria fudit.*] *Incuria* here does not ſignify mere Negligence or want of Care, but of Curioſity only.

Lin. 397. *Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis.*] Such venerable Sages were the ancient Poets; they were the Leaders as well in Polity as Religion.

Lin.

Lin. 422. *Unctum qui recte ponere poſſit,* &c.] *Martial,* to undeceive one of this ſort, who are ſo apt to miſtake the artful, tho' arrant Flattery of their deſigning Friends for no other than Applauſe due to their particular Merit, honeſtly told him,

Quod tam grande Sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non Tu, Pomponi, Cœna diſerta tua eſt.

What, tho' the Rout, *Pomponius,* clap you ſo?
It but your Feaſt proves eloquent, not you.

As Feaſts, with other kind good Offices, ſuch as our Author mentions afterwards, could not fail to obtain the good Grace and Favour of the indigent Rabble; ſo without 'em, it ſeems, it was as impoſſible to eſcape their Laſhes; *Horace* however, to expreſs his Contempt of ſuch mean Practices, as alſo of the Applauſe or Cenſure of ſuch inſignificant Judges, made it his Boaſt to his Friend *Mæcenas,*

Non ego ventoſæ plebis ſuffragia venor,
Impenſis cœnarum & tritæ munere veſtis.
Book I. Ep. 19.

I, for the Rabble's Grace and Favour's ſake,
No Preſents of caſt Suits, no Dinners make.

Lin. 433. *Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.*] A Flatterer is more affected, more *moved,* than the Perſon who ſincerely praiſes you. He calls the Flatterer *Deriſor,* Flattery being in effect the worſt ſort of Deriſion; and all Men of Senſe take it for no better, when they find the Perſon who was loudeſt in their Praiſes, meant merely to flatter them. The Flatterer, he ſays, does not only *appear* more mov'd than one who means honeſtly, but actually *is* ſo, *plus movetur*; ſo as infallibly to deceive himſelf, if he does not

not always ſo ſucceſsfully impoſe upon others; proving, for the Time, as ſincere a Friend as any is, whilſt he feels in himſelf all the Sentiments and Emotions natural to the moſt friendly Heart, and that in a higher Degree.

If a Flatterer, that ſelfiſh Wretch, is capable of working himſelf into a Paſſion, of all others the moſt diſintereſted, that of Friendſhip, we cannot ſo much wonder at the ſudden Changes and Contrariety of Humours and Paſſions we ſometimes meet with in other Characters; if a Man of real good Nature, for inſtance, that has receiv'd a ſlight Provocation, ſhall ſo far improve his Reſentment, as to ſhew all the Marks of the moſt revengeful Spirit, appearing, for the time, more like a Demon, than himſelf. Nor ſhall I ever queſtion, on this account, the Sincerity of our modern Prophets and Poets; as hard as it may be for 'em, with all the Wonders they perform, to convince the World, they are truly inſpir'd; yet that they truly believe as much themſelves, I could, without their Works, take their Word for it.

FINIS.